



"WHERE'S YOUR NUMBER?"

# California

## Resort hotels are world-famed

They are prepared for a big rush  
of winter travel  
And the Santa Fe is prepared "as  
usual" to take you there

Go "Santa Fe all the way" four trains daily to California  
and the Santa Fe de Luxe weekly in winter • Visit  
Grand Canyon and Castle Hot Springs  
in Arizona • Hawaii afterwards •  
Fred Harvey meals

*Booklets of trips and trains on request  
W. J. Black, Pass. Traffic Mgr. ALUSFRY,  
1954 Railway Exchange, Chicago*

**Santa Fe**

### Suggestions for a Design

The Post-Office Department wants  
a design for a new thirteen-cent  
stamp.—*News item.*

1. Black cat crossing a road.
2. Profile of William Hohenzol-  
lern.
3. Golfer missing a two-foot putt.
4. La Follette making a treasonable  
speech.
5. Man walking under a ladder.
6. Enemy alien burning supply sheds.

7. Cross-eyed man looking at new  
moon over his shoulder.
8. Socialist refusing to buy a Lib-  
erty Bond.
9. German submarine shelling open  
boats.
10. Suffragists brawling in front of  
White House.
11. Diplomat making a treaty with  
Germany.
12. Cook emptying kerosene can  
into a stove.

### The Satisfied Tax-Payer

THREE cents to mail a letter now—  
But I can tell you, anyhow,  
I'd make it four or even eight  
If it would seal the Kaiser's fate,  
And send him whirling down to where  
There's fuel plenty, and to spare.

I do not mind the Movie-tax  
They've laid on patriotic backs.  
With purest joy each extra cent  
By yours sincerely will be spent,  
Since every penny goes to slug  
Von Hindenburg's ungodly mug.

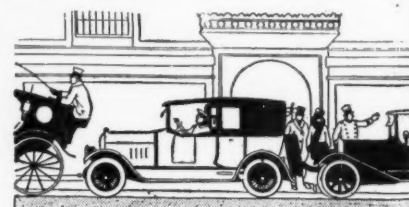
When Income Taxes loudly call,  
My answer's, "Come and take it all.  
For poverty I do not yearn,  
But you can have all I can earn,  
If it will help us to erase  
The nose from Herr von Tirpitz's face."

For eight per cent. on Railroad Fares  
What patriotic human cares  
A tinker's ding, if so he knows  
The extra store of shekels goes  
To give the Potsdam Gang the boot  
And bang the Crown Prince on the snout!

I'll pay on neckties and cigars,  
On taxicabs and trolley-cars.  
I'll pay on collars, cuffs and spats;  
On pugs and pink angora cats,  
Golf-clubs and pancakes, if thereby  
We black the lecherous Teuton's eye.

I'll put a stamp on all I eat.  
I'll feed on sawdust 'stead of wheat,  
And laugh with joy as I shall pay  
The taxes I must meet each day,  
If all these extras go to spill  
The Potsdamned Beans of Pirate Bill.

*John Kendrick Bangs.*



### The BILTMORE

Where the social life  
of New York centers  
by day and evening



CLOSE  
TO ALL THEATRES  
AND SHOPS

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## A Way Out

CHICAGO is sometimes referred to as the unintellectual centre of the United States; yet a Chicago man has recently dared to advance the theory that a creative worker may be a good business man.

Among other things, Dr. T. H. Hayward in his book, "Professionalism and Originality" (Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago), says:

"Strength in one direction more often goes with strength in another than weakness."

This gentleman declares, in effect, that the reason why some men have been absent-minded and apparently incapable of practical work is simply because all their energy is expended in other directions, and that if they had started out to be business men they would be as supremely successful in that field as in any other.

For example, if Shakespeare had been born in the Pennsylvania oil region he might easily have been a John D. Rockefeller, or if Robert Burns had been born on a Kansas farm, where he could not have gotten any whiskey, he would have developed into a great modern farmer.

If this theory is true—and it does seem reasonable—then when we catch a man with any marked ability we have only to steer him in the way we wish him to go, and we can make of him anything we want.

This being the case, why would it

## CAUTION:

*LIFE* employs no direct traveling representatives; it does not offer prizes, college courses or other inducements for agents to canvass for subscriptions. Anyone soliciting subscriptions on any such basis should be turned over to the authorities as a swindler.

Be sure to place your order with a reliable bookseller, news agent or solicitor, if you do not mail it to *LIFE* direct. . . . .

**LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY**

17 West 31st Street, New York



Every woman who appreciates the charm of jubilant health, rosy cheeks, clear skin and sparkling eyes, should take

# ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"

(Derivative Compound)

to keep the blood and digestion in good order

This most agreeable tonic aperient contains valuable remedial constituents of ripened fruit. Highly efficacious in promoting the general health, by stimulating the organs of elimination, correcting biliousness, sick headache and constipation. Safe to take—purifying, invigorating. Sold by druggists.

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., London, S. E., England

Agents for the Continent of America: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., 10, 12, 14 McCaul Street, Toronto, Canada

not be a good idea to train some of our most promising men for Congress? We cannot get rid of Congress. To rail at it because it is incompetent does no good.

The only way is to make it better, and if a national school for training congressmen, recruited from some of our ablest poets and authors, could be established, the results would be twofold. We would have better congressmen and fewer poets and authors.

## Nothing to It

John Barrymore, the actor, said at a dinner at the Players' Club in New York: "The good die young. They do this because they see it's no use living if you've got to be good."

—Detroit Free Press.

*THE saddest thing about the execution of Anne Boleyn was that her regular weekly copy of LIFE arrived just as she was being led to the block, and she hadn't time to read it.*





## Life for 1918

*Next Week. Souvenirs for Susie. On the cover.*  
*January 17. Aviation Number.*  
*January 24. A Belle of Arcadie. On the cover.*  
*January 31. Our Boys' Number.*

Special numbers, dealing with patriotic subjects, will be announced from time to time. Charles Dana Gibson will continue to draw for LIFE exclusively his great war cartoons. The editorial page will be written by Edward S. Martin. The remarkable summary of the latest plays which appears every week during the dramatic season will continue to be written by James S. Metcalfe in his illuminating style. The monthly review of the best books will be presented by John Barrett Kerfoot. A unique contest in which \$800 in prizes will be given is a feature the announcement of which will shortly be made. In the meantime, LIFE will continue to publish each week more original pictures than any other weekly. It will also be occasionally humorous, but not often enough to prevent anybody from sending in a yearly subscription.

### Special Offer

Enclosed find one Dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26). Send LIFE for three months to

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Open only to new subscribers; no subscriptions renewed at this rate.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York. 22

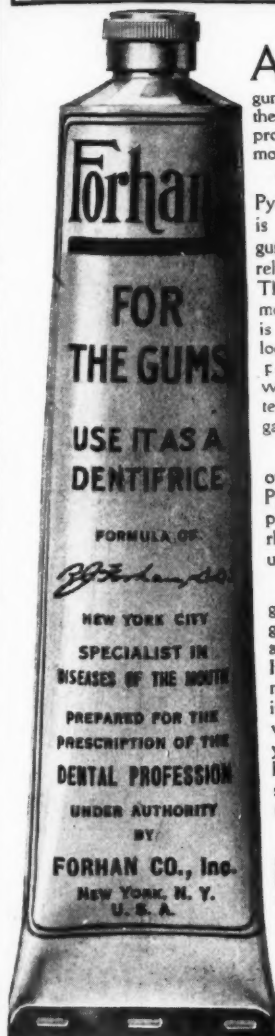
One Year, \$5.00. (Canadian, \$5.52; Foreign, \$6.04.)

### In Case

You have never before seen a copy of the paper called LIFE, we shall be glad to send you several sample copies if you will forward ten cents in real money and your name and address.



## Tender gums—a danger signal



AS sappers mine the enemy's defenses, so gum-decay tunnels through the normal gum line and produces tooth decay in its most painful form.

This gum decay or Pyorrhea (Riggs' Disease) is most dangerous. The gums become devitalized, relaxed. They recede. They shrink and age the mouth. Gum tenderness is present. The teeth loosen. Also Pyorrhea pockets breed bacteria which drain into the system and cause many organic diseases of mid-life.

Four people out of five over forty suffer from this Pyorrhea; but Forhan's positively prevents Pyorrhea if used in time and used consistently.

Forhan's hardens the gums. It conserves the gums that hug the teeth and hold them firm. It touches the fundamentals of tooth health in fact. And all this while you are cleansing your teeth scientifically. Forhan's is cool, antiseptic and pleasant to the taste.

If gum-shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

At All Druggists  
FORHAN CO.  
202 Sixth Ave., N. Y.  
Send for  
Trial Tube Free



TO BE WEAK IS TO BE MISERABLE.

## At Surgical Dressings

MY hands are making dressings,  
But my thoughts are far away.  
I speak of gauze and sponges;  
There are things I cannot say.  
On the walls hang "Rules for Workers"—  
All my hidden fears are rife  
As I read the last terse sentence:  
"One loose thread may cost a life!"

War for Freedom, War for Honor,  
And our best were first to go!  
What the coming years will bring us,  
Who can fathom, who can know?  
Yet in that black-lettered warning  
Lies the certainty of strife—  
Hospitals, and wounds, and wounded:  
"One loose thread may cost a life!"

Ruth Lambert Jones.

## \$2\* Invested in Vogue (a tiny fraction of your loss on a single ill-chosen hat or gown) Will Save You \$200

This year, above all others, when extravagance and waste must be avoided, you should have Vogue at your right hand. For now, every woman must devote even more than her usual care to the selection of every detail of her wardrobe, so that not one hat, gown or wrap may remain unworn and its price wasted.

The gown you buy and never wear is the really expensive gown. Gloves, boots, hats, that miss being exactly what you want are the ones that cost more than you can afford.

## VOGUE

suggests

that before you spend a single penny on your new clothes, before you even begin to plan your spring wardrobe, you consult its great series of Spring and Summer Fashion Numbers. Save yourself from a wrong start. Begin with the

## \*Lingerie Number

(NOW READY)

For \$2, a tiny fraction of your loss on a single ill-chosen hat or gown, you may have the Spring and Summer Fashion Numbers of Vogue, comprising the fullest and most accurate fashion information published. What to wear—where to get it—and how to wear it.

## HERE ARE YOUR 10 NUMBERS:

Eleven if you mail the coupon now

### \*Lingerie Number

The most daring and intimate of the Parisienne's thoughts on lingerie. The latest Fifth Avenue originations. Linens, laces, accessories.

### Motor and Southern Jan. 15

The latest limousine, the smartest livery, the warmest robe. What to wear in the South.

### Forecast of Spring Fashions Feb. 1

The earliest advance information from Paris on the new silhouette—saving you from the costliest of all errors, a wrong start.

### Spring Millinery Feb. 15

Paris hats; appropriate gowns, veils and coiffures.

### Spring Patterns and New Materials Mar. 1

Patterns, weaves, colors, materials favored for Spring.

### Spring Fashions Mar. 15

The full pageantry of the Spring mode, unfolded, with dollars-and-cents information in every line.

### Paris Openings Apr. 1

The inimitable models of the Grandes Maisons, determining the mode.

### Smart Fashions for Limited Incomes Apr. 15

Must you economize? And yet look chic? A Vogue-trained dollar is a dollar doubled.

### Brides and Summer Homes May 1

Charming brides, in charming gowns, are married charmingly in this number of Vogue.

### Travel Number May 15

Trips planned for you—north, south, west—till Europe recovers.

### Summer Fashions June 1

Summer clothes are fascinating. Vogue knows. Shows. Buys. And you have no regrets.

## \*Special Offer

Ten Numbers of Vogue for \$2—eleven if you mail the coupon now.

We will start your subscription with one of the first copies off the press of our Lingerie Number, thus giving you ELEVEN numbers of Vogue instead of ten, if your order is received in time. Since the additional copy must come out of a small reserve supply on hand to meet the demand for this annual Lingerie Number, you can see why this extra number cannot be guaranteed unless your order is received immediately.

VOGUE, 19 West Forty-fourth Street, New York City  
Please send me the TEN numbers of Vogue as described. I will forward \$2 on receipt of bill (OR I enclose \$2 herewith). It is understood that if the order is returned promptly, you will send me an extra complimentary copy of the Lingerie Number.  
Name .....  
Street .....  
City .....  
State .....  
L. 1-3 '18

## Don't Send Money

Don't bother to inclose a cheque, or even to write a letter. The coupon opposite will do, and is easier and quicker. With one stroke of the pen, you will solve your entire spring and summer clothes problem, assuring yourself valuable and new ideas and insuring yourself against costly failures.



One pair of clean hands will get out on the new mimeograph five thousand copies of a letter or form in an hour—at almost no cost. Look to your printing bills these strenuous days! The mimeograph has solved many immediate problems for others—and it will for you. It clarifies and speeds up routine—makes easier the training of new workers and the management of old ones—eliminates delays—saves countless dollars on costly printing—and opens up new and profitable approaches to customers and employees. It prints illustrations without cuts. No type to set up and distribute. Quiet and clean—it delivers brilliant, finely-printed duplicates. Our interesting booklet “W” suggests many ways to meet present labor emergencies. Ask for it—now. A.B. Dick Company, Chicago—and New York.





## New Year, 1918

AS Father Time came speeding where I stood,  
I boldly grasped him by the scanty forelock  
Exactly as the proverb says you should,  
And thus apostrophized the ancient warlock:

"Disclose to me, my over-hasty friend,  
Diminishing your zeal in whizzing past one,  
The sort of New Year that you mean to send;  
We didn't altogether like the last one."

He stared at me with eyes of glacial blue:  
"A *New Year!*" laughed the hoary planet-rover.  
"We don't send *New Years* to the likes of you;  
The best *you* get are *Old Years*, furbished over!"

"The Year that last you hailed, with crazy din,  
The new-born hope of what you term your own age,  
Was dragged from dark Oblivion's dusty bin—  
A slightly altered relic of the Stone Age!"

"Then, Time," I cried, "let now the Fates remold  
A gladder New Year! Let their hands refashion  
A healing twelve-month from the Age of Gold,  
For Earth is sick of hatred, woe and passion!"

Wan Chronos looked half tenderly, and then—  
I woke. Above the hills the sun was climbing;  
And strong men rose and strove to bring again  
The Age of Gold—and I sat down to rhyming.

*Arthur Guiterman.*

## Fundamentals Have Not Changed

SUFFRAGE has come with an industrial organization that makes it easy for women to avoid the rough jobs and dispense with men. Its leaders, for the most part, are women of means who, having a full share of everything else, have wanted political power.

There never was a time when so many women had so much money or could get so much for it as now. When you speak in the telephone, and someone fetches you a load of coal, and someone else your dinner, and someone else a cab to take you out, life seems easily managed, and the share of the male sex in conducting it does not obtrude. Nevertheless, the fundamentals have not really changed.



THE HERR LIEUTENANT, FORMERLY WITH THE BERLIN ROYAL OPERA, FORGETS HIMSELF FOR THE MOMENT

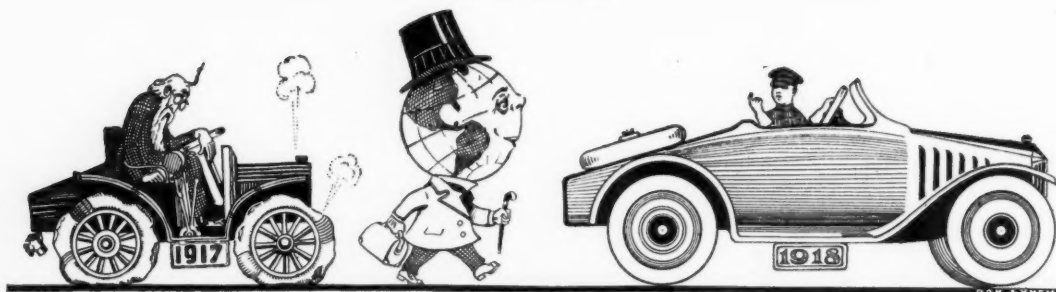
The indispensable office of women is to rear families. In the hands of the women who discharge that great duty the real power over life and its concerns and over men will continue to abide. If the radical women who want a sex party have their way there will come a show-down that will astonish them.

## Wearing 'Em Down

"HERE'S an account of a German U-boat that sank a steamship and did not attempt to murder or drown the crew."

"That shows that the German morale is undoubtedly being broken."





THE TRAVELLER

## 1917-1918

A LOT happened last year, didn't it? Go out and look up and down the street, and you begin to realize it.

All those flags of the Allies; they were not there last January! And our own flag! When was it we began to hang it out? In February—wasn't it?—when Germany gave notice that she was going to turn her U-boats loose. The flags broke out as a sign that the people back of them were going with the government as far as it could go. The flags said, "Remember Lusitania." They said, "Remember Belgium." They said, "This is our war now. Get us in! Get us in!"

And the flags of France and England, and of Belgium, and of all the Allies more or less, that followed! Do you remember with what a glow of the heart we hung them out? That was in April, when we got into the war.

And then there came recruiting and enlistment; the filling up of officers' instruction camps; the quitting of ordinary jobs for war jobs; the blossoming out of khaki in the streets; the visit of Joffre, Viviani and Balfour and their gallant companions! And then, after inevitable but harrowing deliberation in Congress, the draft bill, the shipping bill, the food-regulation bill and the rest of the war measures, and huge appropriations to carry them out.

Then the draft, and the expeditious building of big training camps, the exportation of a division of regulars to France, followed steadily ever since by exportation of other troops as they got ready. Coincidentally, all manner of drives; the great one for food conservation, for potatoes and all garden products, for the extraction from all tillable ground of the utmost yield it

could be induced to give; for the canning of everything canable; for the stoppage of waste and the diversion of appetite from foods exportable to foods perishable.

Next, the drives for money, for Liberty Loans; for the Red Cross; for the Y. M. C. A., and, between times, for lesser war objects of all sorts and sizes. And all the time for the last seven months the incessant knitting, knitting, knitting of socks and jackets and jerseys against the chill of winter for young soldiers in camps.

It has been throughout almost entirely a year of preparation. Some final things have been done. The crops have been raised and got in; money has been raised and lent or paid out; but the great effort, the great expenditure has been for concerns with which even now we have barely connected. The navy is in the war, but it is still largely the navy we had ready when the war began, greatly amplified though it has been. The van of our army which has just begun to find the battle line is not of last year's make, but a fragment of our old stock. This year that now begins will test our preparations while they drive on harder than ever. Our new troops will fight: our new ships will carry cargoes; if the war goes on we will get into it, not in great force, to be sure, but enough to show our quality and what powers our months of getting ready have developed in us.

Would that we were readier and could do more at once! Nevertheless, all our preparation, all our provision of food, men and munition are facts that count. Our men in France count; our men at home in training camps

count; our drafted men count that are not yet called out. Our ships in the yards count as well as those on the sea. All our resources, all our resolution, count, because they are immutably consecrated to the task in hand.

France was ready; Britain was not—except her navy. France threw herself into the breach, and is there still. Britain is ready now, and stands with France on land and sea, and we are not, except with purse and plows and factories. But it makes a vast difference that we are coming. France, war-saddened and weary, knows it; Britain, fiercely assaulting and assaulted, knows it. Italy knows it, sore beset. God save His world! So many Germans to be killed, and we are just beginning!

We know what stuff there was in France; we have learned again what sort are bred in Britain; we have evidence of the spirit of Italians. Before this year is out we shall know better about ourselves; what we can suffer, what we can accomplish, what we can achieve. Distance makes our war-task immensely difficult; harder than Canada's, harder than Australia's by as much as submarine activity has increased. The Allies may finish the war before our fighting men get more than nominally into it. Our task may be more of rescue and reparation than of military effort. But whatever it may be, this year that now begins will try us out and show us up for what we are.

Dutifully we face it. We are a united people, committed to a great task of succor and resistance. Let it cost what it costs, not less than our utmost shall we spend on it.

E. S. M.



THE WILLOWBYS' WARD. 32

LED BY MOLLY, THE GIRLS ALL AGREE TO GIVE THE PROFESSOR A KISS FOR HIS BIRTHDAY



Disgusted Sergeant: THAT'S RIGHT, WILLIE; IF YE CAN'T STICK 'EM, BITE 'EM!

### The Flaming Sword

WHEN the brutal Teuton came  
Fair Verdun as prey to claim,  
There was drawn that sword of flame—  
"They shall not pass!"

It has turned him once again.  
On the far Venetian plain  
He has heard the stern refrain—  
"They shall not pass!"

This shall be his outcast fate:  
Evermore that sword shall wait,  
Guarding the celestial gate—  
"They shall not pass!"

McLandburgh Wilson.

MANUFACTURER: Shall we raise  
the price or shorten the weight?  
HIS PARTNER: Why not do both?



"This little pig went to market"



THE NEW YEAR'S GUEST

"CHEER UP, OLD SPORT! WE NEVER STAY MORE THAN A MONTH"

### New Year's Resolutions

THE KAISER—To carry on the big bluff just as long as the German people will stand it.

THE ALLIES—To fight it out and thrash the Kaiser if it takes all eternity.

GRONNA, LA FOLLETTE, HEARST, VARDAMAN, REED, STONE—To work still harder for Wilhelm.

DANIELS—To make even a greater ass of myself than heretofore.

CONGRESS—To do less and talk more.

GERMAN FLEET—To win a few more "victories."

GERMAN ARMY—To become doubly "invincible."

BILL JONES, AMERICAN SOLDIER—To be right there when they do it.

### Realistic

MANAGER: Are you certain you have the genuine touch of tragedy in your play?

PLAYWRIGHT: Have I! It ends in Wall Street





GIVE HIM TO THE COWBOYS

### People Who Should Be Included in the Railroad War Board's List of Non-Essentials

**T**HE individual who says that two can live as cheaply as one.

The woman who can't be separated from her lap-dog without suffering keenly.

The rotten golfer who blames his three putts per green on the warped shaft of his putter.

The near-literary party who loves to tell how Kipling is slumping.

The person who really can't afford to give any more to the Red Cross or the Y. M. C. A.

The man who knows a man who has a brother who was on a crowded transport that was sunk without the War Department giving out the news.

The woman who stops knitting for the soldiers and sailors because Josephus Daniels says it isn't necessary.

The individual who would like to have us believe that we have no quarrel with the German people.

Anybody with a grain of sympathy for Robert M. La Follette and his ideas.

### The A B C of Kultur



**S** stands for Superman.  
Ach, we are Smart!  
Super in Science and  
Super in Art,  
Super in Everything under the  
Sun  
Is the Super Self-satisfied Son  
of a Hun.



**T**iss "Der Tag," That  
Glorious Day  
When over the World  
we will hold Regal Sway,  
And the Proud Prussian Eagles  
in triumph shall Wave  
O'er the Land of the Serf and  
the Home of the Slave.



**U** stands for U-boat that's  
under the Sea.  
It is Sinking for you, It  
is Sinking for Me,  
Till every ship on the Face of the  
Wave  
Shall be "Spurlos Versenkt" in  
a Watery Grave.

## After the War Is Over

*At the bar of Public Opinion, Judge Honour presiding*

**THE COURT:** Bring forth the prisoner.

**CLERK:** Here, your honor.

**COURT:** Who is the prisoner at the bar?

**CLERK:** A citizen of the United States.

**THE COURT:** Prisoner at the bar, the case against you is very strong. In the late war you went about talking constantly, holding up your hands in horror, throwing cold water on any suggestion that Germany could be beaten, and trying to convey the impression that you were talking this way from patriotic motives. But what did you actually do? That is what this court would learn.

**PRISONER:** Why, your honor, I did all I could.

**COURT:** Did you contribute any money?

**PRISONER:** Oh, yes; I paid my income tax, and I gave something to the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A., and bought a Liberty Bond.

**COURT:** Anything else?

**PRISONER:** I minded my own business, worked hard to support myself and my family, and ate so little food that I got chronic dyspepsia; stopped using coal, and got pneumonia and tonsillitis, and practically stopped wearing clothes.

**COURT:** You are honorably discharged. But remember: next time we have a war on our hands, eat a little more and keep cheerful!



*Father Time:* WONDER IF THIS ONE'S GOIN' TO BE A PIRATE OR A POLICEMAN, MA

## A Pathetic Picture

**MR. HOMER LORING** of Massachusetts, who represents about sixty million dollars' worth of street railway securities, has recently declared that a five-cent fare is too little, and that the companies cannot live in these indigent circumstances. "The street railway has tried to sell transportation at a fixed price in the face of ever-increasing costs—it has vainly tried to defy a simple economic law. You cannot sell permanently any product at less than cost."

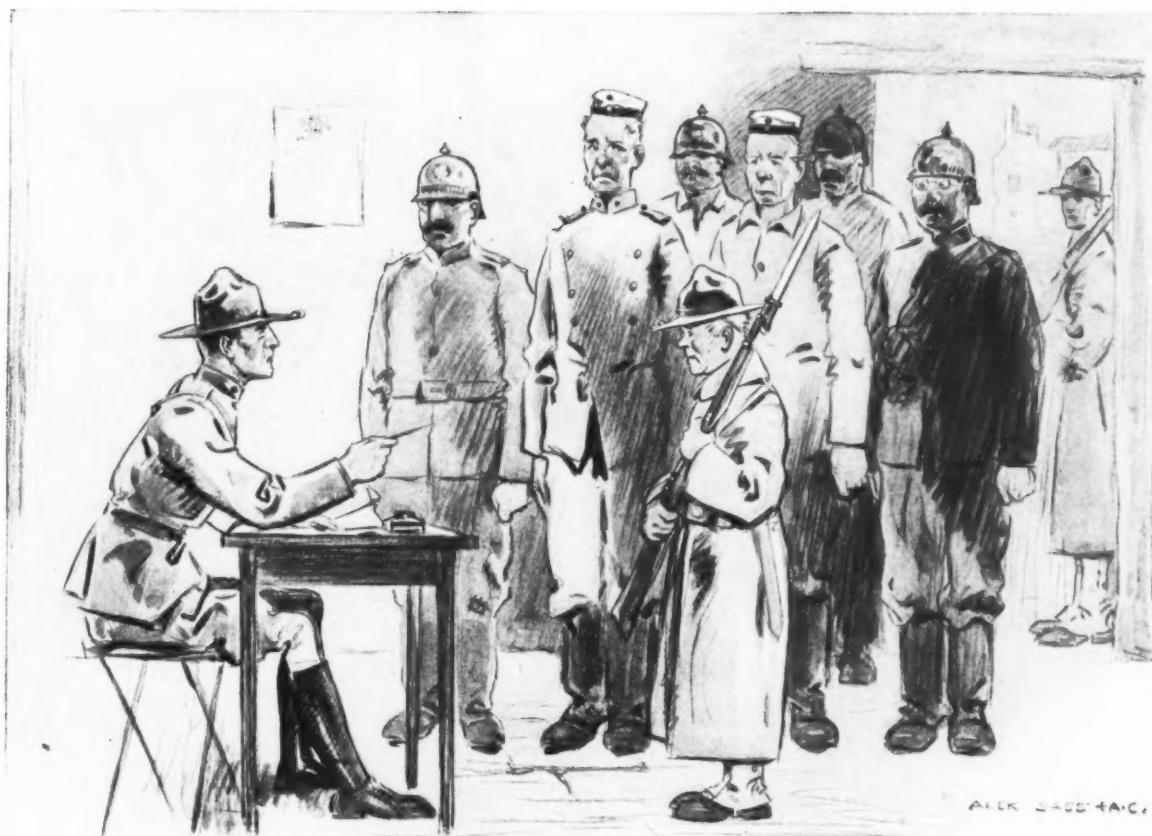
Mr. Loring's pathetic picture of the street railway companies struggling along for years, trying to make money out of five-cent fares, and, indeed, insisting upon doing this for purely sentimental reasons, would bring tears to the eyes of a hardened criminal.

The fact that the street railway companies, in cities of

the United States, have for many years been systematically robbed by trained financiers, who have manipulated the stock, bought and sold legislatures and looted the people, and, having done all this, have lost entirely the confidence of the public—this may be of no practical interest bearing upon the present straits of the street railways. But it does appear to furnish at least a biological reason why the street railway companies are now crying aloud for help and nobody is paying any attention to them.

**MRS. BUNNY:** Have you read this article on birth control?

**MR. BUNNY:** Nice time now! Why didn't you tell me about it a couple of years ago?



The Officer: DID YOU TAKE ALL THESE PRISONERS YOURSELF?  
 "YES, SIR. I WOULDN'T 'A' DONE IT, SIR, ONLY I'D RUN OUT O' AMMUNITION."

### Bolsheviki Primer

#### Lesson LXVI

1. GOOD MORNING. Whom did you betray to-day?
2. Good morning. I betrayed the chief-of-staff of the General of the Nineteenth Army Division.
3. Excellent! I betrayed the brother of the secretary of the Minister of Munitions.
4. Borus Lushky has betrayed the secrets of the Army Transportation Service.
5. It is impossible to throw a stone into a crowd without hitting someone who has betrayed somebody.
6. If I had more time I could betray more people.
7. One should betray as rapidly as possible, as one may himself be betrayed before supper-time.
8. If you will not betray me, I will not betray you—maybe.
9. When in doubt concerning whom to betray, betray everyone.
10. If I had a ruble for everyone whom I have betrayed, I could buy myself an ocean of vodka.



"NO MAN'S LAND"





THE ROLL-CALL



OF SONS



Chorus: POOR KID!

NOW the days begin to lengthen,  
And the cold begins to strengthen,  
And the chill, attacking stronger,  
Makes the girls wish skirts were longer.

"HAVE you ever been in No Man's  
Land?"

"Yes, I was the guest at my wife's  
bridge club one afternoon."



"TERRIFIC SMASH ON A WIDE FRONT!"

### Resolutions

WHEN New Year resolutions throng  
We have a double joy in making  
them—

For we anticipate ere long  
The luxury of breaking them.

Thus virtue brings its own reward;  
So let no scruple disconcert you.  
You cast your vices overboard,  
And thrill with an excess of virtue.

But when the pride begins to wane  
And noble abstinence proves tiring,  
You take them slyly back again—  
To wait another New Year's firing.

A. L. S.

### Hold, Enough!

MRS. NORMAN WHITEHOUSE, the suffragette leader, denies indignantly the statement, recently made by the *New York Times* and other papers, that she had accepted a crown of gold as a tribute to her services in the cause of suffrage. Mrs. Whitehouse says it wasn't, or isn't, a crown of gold, but only a wreath, and that not to her personally, but only symbolically, so to speak, is it to be presented. The whole affair suggests an incident which took place several centuries ago, when a man named Julius Caesar was thrice offered a kingly crown which he did thrice refuse. That was possibly the mistake made by certain erring Roman Senators. If they had offered Caesar a harmless wreath he would probably have accepted with thanks.

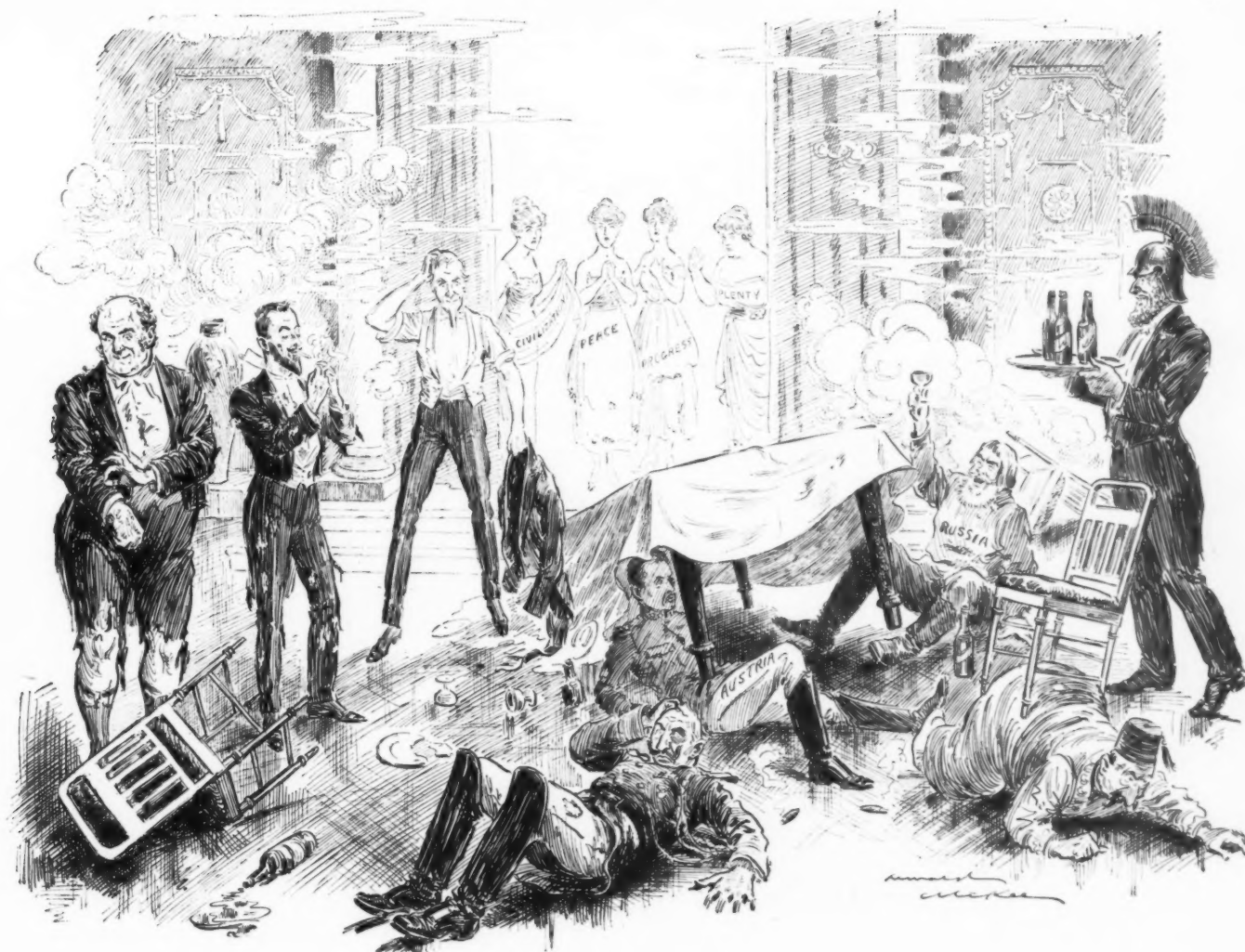
### Alcoholic States

GINNYSOTA.  
Whiskyconsin.  
Cognacticut.  
Stillinois.  
Load Island.  
Barkansas.  
Tennesprece.  
Souse Carolina.  
Souse Dakota.  
Washington, D. T.

"YOUNG Dasher is rather kind to  
his parents, isn't he?"

"Indeed, yes. He treats his father  
with almost as much respect as he does  
his bulldog."





"Shall we join the ladies?"

### Those Superfluous Letters

THE national association of credit men has undertaken a campaign to eliminate unnecessary letters. That is a good work. There are probably more unnecessary letters written in the United States every day than ever before in the history of the world. Think of the extraordinary multitude of "Dear sirs" and "Yours trulys" that are wandering about the country! Think of the superfluous expressions of gratitude, of the thankings-in-advance, of the hereby-acknowledgments and the in-reply-to-yourses! And think of the tons and tons of letters filed solemnly away in fireproof cases, silently waiting their millionth chance to see the light of day again! It is absurd, however, to dignify this sort of thing as letter-writing. In reality it is only a strong symptom of a national disease.

### For Non-Resistants

ATTENTION of non-resistants is called to the suggestion that it is the submissive people who are most to blame for the troubles that now beset the earth.

If the German masses had not been so tragically obedient, their masters could not have used them by the million for *canonensfutter* in a bad cause.

If the Russian masses had had proper, self-respecting spunk the Bolsheviki could not have led so many of them by the nose.

Truculence and tyranny are folly; oppression recoils; revenge is futile; love is a far greater power than force. Nevertheless, just as there is a point where cooling water no longer sinks, so there seems to be a point where non-resistance no longer washes.



JANUARY 3, 1918

"While there is Life there's Hope"

VOL. 71  
No. 1836

Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't.

A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.

17 West Thirty-first Street, New York

English Offices, Rolls House, Breams Bldgs., London, E. C.



8

WE should know a little better how we stand at the beginning of the year if we were more fully furnished with reliable information, especially as to our efforts to get into the war. As it is, we have nibbles and crumbs of news, mere samples of what is happening, and taste them critically, spitting out what we distrust. Then we guess how we are getting on, and how long the war will last, and how many soldiers we will have in Europe to see its finish, and whether they will have guns and clothes and food and ammunition as they should.

It would be some help, though perhaps no comfort, if we knew how many men we had in France already, and how employed and how provided. From time to time one meets someone that knows, but it's not manners to enquire. And even if you do enquire, he doesn't tell. A newcomer from France who must have known, asked the present scribe, "How many troops do you think we have in France?"

"Three hundred thousand."

"Ah, yes! That's what most people hereabout seem to think!"

What does the sapient reader make of that? Is three hundred thousand far too high an estimate, or is it too low? Colonel Lewis, the well-known maker of machine-guns for use in this present war, was quoted by the *Times* on December 23rd as speaking of our overseas force as "a pitiful handful of men not equal to the casualty lists of

the British that we get from week to week."

How many is a pitiful handful?

As many as two hundred thousand might seem pitiful in the midst of the millions on that front, especially if, as Colonel Lewis said, their equipment is "an outrage and a disgrace to the country," and their armament is mostly borrowed from France "stripped to the skin."

Congressmen Dale of Vermont and Miller of Minnesota brought back this same impression, that our troops in France were ill-equipped, but perhaps that is inevitable and we should be thankful that there are troops there at all, with any equipment. The newcomer from France, who had seen them and probably counted them and must have known what they had and where they got it, did not complain. He said that, on the whole, we had done well, and should keep at it, hard, hard, hard. Save our ship space for troops, he said. They, and nothing else, will end the war.



SO it's hard to get enough convincing information about our foreign military activities to form an opinion on. Meanwhile, much obliged to the Military Affairs Committee of the Senate for the testimony it has brought out, especially the testimony of Colonel Lewis, above quoted, about his cele-

brated machine-gun, and about the efforts of General Crozier, so largely successful, to keep it out of our army!

It was rather a disconcerting story, and comes terribly late; but possibly it is better that we should have it now than not at all. General Crozier seems to be an expert with very high ideals about guns and of remarkable fidelity to those ideals, but if Colonel Lewis' impression of him is reliable, he has not sufficiently realized that when you are actually in a fight a club in the hand is worth more to you than a whole battery of automatics deliverable next week. We should be wary of blaming General Crozier overmuch, especially on the testimony of Colonel Lewis, who is not prejudiced in his favor, but he does seem to have been quite a serious hindrance to our military preparation, whereas, Colonel Lewis, whom he turned down, choked off and drove away, has been a factor of notable importance in beating the Germans. No doubt General Crozier is a loyal officer, not without technical qualifications for his job, and fit to be used by a competent manager to the advantage of the country. He was put in a place to exercise his judgment as an expert. No doubt he did it studiously and with as little prejudice as his nature permitted. If his judgment was warped by jealousy and his decisions unfortunate, that is the country's misfortune, to be paid for in flesh and blood and whatever is to pay. An unsuccessful bureau general is no worse morally than an unsuccessful field general. If he fizzles in judgment, or fails to connect in time with a military situation, the thing to do is to get him out of the way and go on. In every great war that has to be done repeatedly. It has been done abundantly in this war everywhere but here. We are just beginning. General Crozier may live to see his judgment justified, and even, like Burnside, to have whiskers named after him, but the man behind the going gun is Lewis.

The main object of this senatorial military enquiry seems to be to get incompetents and obstructionists out of important bureaus, and to speed up the war job. That is a good purpose and helps the government even when it causes pain to some of its respected



"SOMEHOW I DON'T FEEL SO MUCH LIKE A CONQUEROR WITHOUT THOSE THINGS ON"

instruments. A lot of complaint, accusation and investigation coming at the right time from the right quarter and prompted by a patriotic spirit helps the deserving managers of our great business to get their work done.

The loss of time on ships has been hard to bear. Several months slipped by much less productively than they should while General Goethals and Mr. Denman, each with a thumb in the other's eye, were trying to attain identity of vision. Then a couple more months passed less fruitfully than could have been wished, while Admiral Capps was checking up General Goethals' contracts. But report says that

now there has been a ship actually completed, and that more are coming along fast, and the duplex system, under which each of two men had authority to block the work of the other, has given place to the one-boss system with Mr. Hurley as the boss, and hopes of ships are rising.



THERE are fewer wails about the navy than any other of our war branches. Last spring, while the Army

Ordinance Office was sniffing at an offer of Lewis guns, the navy grabbed a double handful of them at sight. Mr. Stoddard, gun maker of New Haven, who rushed to Washington at the prospect of war, and found Colonel Rice of the Ordnance Bureau "not interested" in his proposals, got different talk and greater hospitality at the Navy Department. But, of course, we had a going navy, ready to act, when the war came, and our army was a shell. The navy has been vastly increased and replenished, but the army has had to be built up almost from the ground.

Of what the navy is doing in the war we know mighty little, but have faith to believe that it does much and does it well. There is less complaint of red tape and dead-wood in that department than in any other.



WHAT sort of soldiers are making in the big training camps, what sort of officers are in charge of them, how they are faring for food and clothes and quarters and fuel, we know more or less, principally less. It is doubtful if we should be any happier if we knew more. A huge work is going on, a good deal in the dark, with manifold imperfections and not without suffering to the human raw material used in it. But it is going on. We need to make rows about what is ill done when rows can do any good, but in the main, to be patient and long-suffering, realizing that the first step to strength is the location of weakness, and that we got into the war, not as we wished to be, but as we were. To be in this war and struggling faithfully to do our part in it is everything. We have done a heap of good as it is by getting in. We ought to do more good every month we keep at it. Presently our vast improvisation of machinery will get to working better and our weight will begin to tell. Meanwhile, more power to every searchlight that shows up our defects. To be cured they must first be revealed.





The Hopeful Doctor



Hopeful Doctor



### Excesses in Undressing and a Bifocal Drama

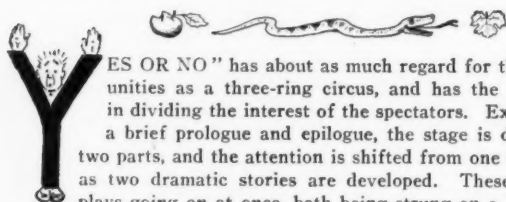


**O**F all the stage lures the exposition of the young woman with scant raiment has become the most tiresome. Half a century ago the whole country was convulsed by the display of beefy ladies in the Amazon March of "The Black Crook," and was stirred to disapproval by the frenzied denunciation of the pulpit and the religious press. This disapproval was largely hypocritical, and the wide denunciation of "The Black Crook" made a commonplace spectacle a great pecuniary success. Ever since, the commercial manager has relied upon the free display of the feminine form divine as one of his best assets. If memory serves, the ladies of "The Black Crook" were substantially clad in very pink cotton tights. To-day even the alluring silk tights are dispensed with, and those who care for the display may revel in the frank exhibition of scars, black-and-blue spots and other blemishes which nature registers on the human cuticle. In competition with the fashionable short skirts of the streets the stage has had to go to further extremes in its effort to make near-nudity an attraction, and the result is that, with the over-emphasis laid upon it, this former asset has become rather a bore even to to-day's descendants of the deacons who used stealthily to patronize "The Black Crook."



**I**N "Flo Flo" the undressing is made the principal feature in a girl-and-music show, instead of merely an accessory. Two dressmaking concerns compete in the process of devising costumes which are on the outside eccentric and garish to the highest degree, and underneath as near to nothing as due respect to the District Attorney's office will allow. If the piece, even in the field of musical farce, had any great claim to cleverness this would be obscured or obliterated by the emphasis laid on the over-dressing and under-dressing of the women in the cast and chorus. A generous sprinkling of suggestive lines adds to the general unwholesomeness of the entertainment. Some of the musical numbers are catchy, the staging is expertly done, and the main laughs go to two comedians who have evidently been borrowed from vaudeville.

"Flo Flo" is notable only in the facts emphasized.



**Y**ES OR NO" has about as much regard for the dramatic unities as a three-ring circus, and has the same effect in dividing the interest of the spectators. Except during a brief prologue and epilogue, the stage is divided into two parts, and the attention is shifted from one to the other as two dramatic stories are developed. These make two plays going on at once, both being strung on a third theme briefly exploited in the introductory and closing scenes.

This construction is highly ingenious and what effectiveness

it has is emphasized by shifting the lighting of the stage from one side to the other. In spite of these complications calculated to bewilder the audience, the play is interesting largely because it is well cast and well rehearsed. The story deals with two wives in widely separated walks of life, both exposed to the temptation of infidelity. The one in luxurious surroundings yields, mostly from ennui; the other, with nothing but hardship in her life, successfully resists. As the latter, Emma Polini gives a consistent and convincing picture of the woman who stays good in spite of handicaps. Willette Ker-shaw has a weeping and wailing rôle, but rises to the possibilities of its one emotional scene.



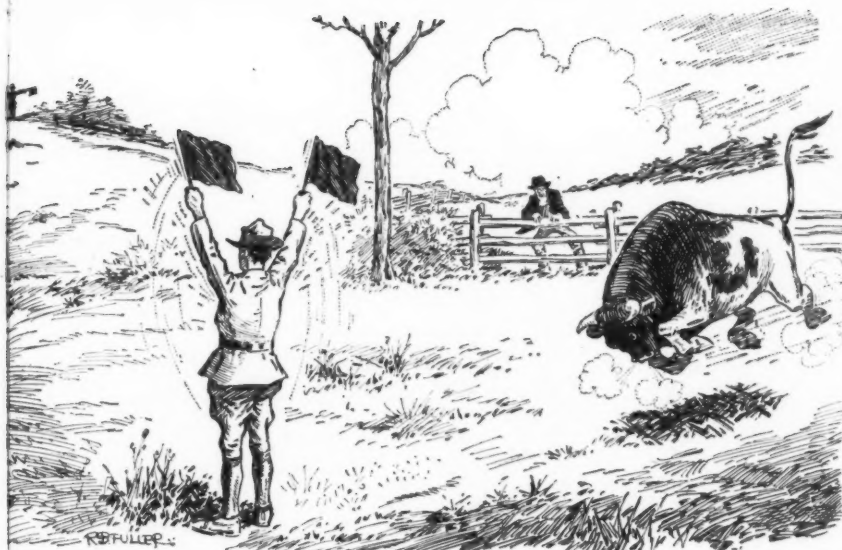
**O**UTSIDE of the eccentric staging the principal interest of "Yes or No" is in the minor characters, among them Marjorie Wood, showing unusual ability as a comedienne in the rôle of a very able maid who links the distressed households and by her resourcefulness saves both from complete wreck. The men in the cast are also well chosen for strongly contrasting parts, and even the child actors are unusually good in scenes written with an evident thorough acquaintance with child psychology.

The name of Mr. Arthur Goodrich, the author, is not familiar in this neck of woods, but he has concentrated, or scattered, a whole lot of ability in this curious play. Not all of the motives he attributes to his characters are plausible, but he shows a pretty close study of some phases of human nature, and it seems possible that some time, when he chooses a



*Movie Actress (to her Fiancé):* PLEASE DON'T ASK ME TO KISS YOU FOR A WEEK OR SO, DARLING. YOU MUST REMEMBER I TOOK IN TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS YESTERDAY SELLING KISSES FOR THE RED CROSS.





Farmer: YE KIN STOP WAVIN' THEM RED FLAGS NOW, MISTER; YE'VE GOT HIM STARTED

simpler theme and centres the interest, he will write a very worth-while play.

Its novelty of treatment makes "Yes or No" entertaining, and the story holds the attention throughout. In its quick changes of scene it has the moving pictures almost beaten in their own special field. It is worth seeing as a theatrical curiosity.



THE sudden failure of "Words and Music" to materialize on the Saturday evening when it was to have its first performance threw an amusing side-light on the processes of Sunday journalism in New York. The strain on the re-

sources of the New York Sunday newspapers, caused by their many and mammoth supplements, reduces their ability to print late news, so the reviews of theatrical productions on Saturday evening have lately been deferred to Monday morning. This does not apply to advertisements, however, so the managers in the advertising of "Words and Music" told the New York public to "read what the critics say in to-morrow's papers." Everyone knows that critics are omniscient and that some of them have written criticisms of plays they never saw, but even the necessities of New York journalism could hardly make a critic write a review of a performance that never took place.

Metcalfe.

# Confidential Guide

INFORMATION

**Astor.**—"Why Marry?" Notice later.  
**Belasco.**—"Polly with a Past." Mr. Belasco's clever staging of an amusing comedy with Ina Claire the charming heroine.  
**Bijou.**—"Odds and Ends of 1917." A sort of parlor entertainment of girls, music, dancing and considerable fun.  
**Booth.**—"The Masquerader" with Mr. Guy Bates Post. Interesting London drama with the star in a dual rôle.  
**Broadhurst.**—Revival of "Lord and Lady Algy" with Mr. Faversham and Maxine Elliott in the title rôles. Notice later.  
**Casino.**—"Oh, Boy!" Musical farce, tuneful and abounding in laughs.

**Century.**—"Miss 1917." Expensive, elaborate and largely staged not very clever girl-and-music show.  
**Cocoanut Grove.**—Supper and dancing with the Spanish young women as a most agreeable accompaniment.  
**Cohan and Harris.**—"A Tailor-Made Man." Diverting and well played farcical comedy demonstrating again that clothes do not make the man.  
**Cohan's.**—"The King" with Mr. Leo Dietrichstein. Very amusing and well acted French comedy, high-flavored but laughable.  
**Comedy.**—The Washington Square Players

in four playlets. Entertainment amusing by its contrasts and originality.

**Cort.**—"Flo Flo." See above.

**Criterion.**—Laurette Taylor in "Happiness," by Mr. Hartley Manners. Notice later.

**Eltinge.**—"Business Before Pleasure." The movie-picture industry amusingly assaulted by those laughable princes of trade, Messrs. Potash and Perlmutter.

**Empire.**—Ethel Barrymore in "The Lady of the Camellias." Notice later.

**Forty-fourth Street.**—Moving pictures of the United States navy.

**Forty-fourth Street Roof.**—"Over the Top." The girl-and-music form of drama elevated to a position where it can shine in spite of darkened Broadway.

**Forty-eighth Street.**—"Yes or No," by Mr. Arthur Goodrich. See above.

**Fulton.**—"Words and Music." Notice later.

**Globe.**—"Jack o' Lantern" with Mr. Fred Stone. The star energetically funny in a brilliant setting of girl-and-music surroundings.

**Harris.**—"The Naughty Wife." Very laughable farcical comedy, well produced and well played.

**Hippodrome.**—"Cheer Up." Big demonstration of the entertaining possibilities of vaudeville, spectacle and ballet.

**Hudson.**—"The Pipes of Pan," by Mr. Edward Childs Carpenter. Cheery comedy with a bit of sentiment and showing that love is not entirely dead in middle-age.

**Knickerbocker.**—Mrs. Fiske in the title rôle of "Madame Sand," by Mr. Philip Moeller. Not so much a play as interesting costume pictures of celebrities.

**Longacre.**—"Leave It to Jane." "The College Widow" turned into tuneful and fairly funny musical comedy.

**Lyceum.**—"Tiger Rose." Well staged melodrama with its setting in the Canadian Northwest.

**Lyric.**—Moving pictures.

**Manhattan Opera House.**—"Chu Chin Chow." The old story of "The Forty Thieves" in colorful and musical Oriental spectacle.

**Marine Elliott's.**—Marjorie Rambeau in "The Eyes of Youth." Ingeniously contrived drama, well staged and very well acted.

**Morosco.**—"Lombardi, Ltd.," by Mr. and Mrs. Hatton. The New York fashionable dressmaking establishment shown to have a domestic as well as a flashy side.

**Park.**—"The Land of Joy." An American comedy camouflage thrown about the delightful dancing of a company of Spanish girls.

**Playhouse.**—Margaret Anglin in "Billeted," by Messrs. Jesse and Harwood. Notice later.

**Plymouth.**—"The Gipsy Trail," by Mr. Robert Housum. Very charming light comedy, very well played by an excellent company.

**Princess.**—Closed.

**Republic.**—"Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," by Messrs. Bell and Swan. Notice later.

**Shubert.**—"Maytime." Delightfully presented play with music and having the novelty of an interesting plot.

**Theatre du Vieux Colombier.**—Fairly competent French stock company in repertory of short plays.

**Thirty-ninth Street.**—"Blind Youth" with Mr. Lou Tellegen. The star as a Latin Quarter artist transplanted to New York and working out an intense sex problem.

**Winter Garden.**—"Doing Our Bit." Elaborate and large-scale girl-and-music show with the usual appeal to the t. b. m.



## For Sale—A Year!

**F**OR SALE—A Year! Come, now, consider!

A whole year—to the highest bidder!  
A year of figures, facts and fancies,  
Caprices, whims and rich romances,  
At auction! Ah! It makes us weep  
To see it going—and so cheap!

A rummage sale! Of half-worn pleasures,  
Of broken vows and faded treasures,  
Of misfit hopes and aspirations!  
Why, just a few slight alterations,  
With patches here and there a few,  
And they would be almost like new!

A remnant sale! The date remember.  
It is the last week in December,  
When odds and ends of time are going,  
And these choice moments we are showing  
Are far too cheap at any price.  
It is, you know, a sacrifice!

A damage sale! Of lives now blighted,  
Of bitter wrongs that could be righted!  
A sale of strifes and coalitions!  
Of sunken ships, and ammunitions!  
Our lease expires! The rent is due!  
We'll trade the Old Year for the New.

*Sophie Redford.*

## Adieu!

**T**HE *MASSES* has suspended publication. Its managers say, "There is no room in the United States at this time for a free magazine."

It is probable that there never will be room in the United States for the kind of free magazine that the managers of *The MASSES* have had in mind to make. It has been by intention and accomplishment a shock-publication. When it printed the verses representing the mother of Christ as a woman who had been seduced, it illustrated its appalling defect in sense. The verses were outrageous blasphemy to some people and an insult to the sense of decency of almost everyone who has any such sense. They achieved for the paper exclusion from the Subway news-stands and sent the editor wailing to his public about infringement of the right of free speech. But the crime against free speech was committed by the editor of *The MASSES* when he got his paper excluded by an indefensible and intolerable publication. The paper had good in it and plenty of talent, but it stood for nothing but destruction, and had not discretion enough to stand to good purpose for that. What its persuasions lead to is being disclosed by the Bolsheviki in Russia. What can be done by explosives to improve the world is being adequately performed in Europe and elsewhere. The assistance of *The MASSES* in that line is not needed.

"PAPA, why are they always digging up New York?"  
"Because there's money in it."



SPEAKING OF SCALPS



"WILL YE PLEASE GO KIND O' EASY OVER OUR MUD-PIES,  
MISTER?"



"STOP! DOND SCHPILL SO MUCH! DER BODDLE ISS NEARLY EMBDY, ALREATTY"





"Keep your feet in the stirrups, sonny"

### Scripture for Hoover

"TAKE unto thee all food that is eaten, and thou shalt gather it to thee."—*Genesis*, 6:21.

"And let them gather all the food . . . and lay up corn."—*Genesis*, 41:35.

"Take food for the famine of your households."—*Genesis*, 42:33.

"Much food is in the tillage of the poor: but there is that is destroyed for want of judgment."—*Proverbs*, 13:23.

"Feed me with food convenient for me."—*Proverbs*, 30:8.

"I . . . have diminished thine ordinary food."—*Ezekiel*, 16:27.

"Cursed be the man that eateth any food."—*I Samuel*, 14:24.

"In sorrow shalt thou eat."—*Genesis*, 3:17.

"My sighing cometh before I eat."—*Job*, 3:24.

"And he that doubteth is damned if he eat."—*Romans*, 14:23.

"Bread eaten in secret is pleasant."—*Proverbs*, 9:17.

Harold Seton.



THE VEGETARIAN CAFÉ INTRODUCES A CABARET TO RECONCILE ITS CUSTOMERS TO THE PRUNELESS MEAL

# Christmas Gifts for 2200



ALPHONSE LE ROY,  
BABY 1787

THE day the Christmas Fund closed, December 20th, we cabled the committee in Paris to increase the number of children to be remembered to 2200. That number of names will be sent to us by Christmas, so our contributors may be sure that every one of their babies will be remembered. We acknowledge \$2613.88 below, and more money will come in belated mails. When we learn from Paris the exact expenditure, the surplus will be carried to the main fund. We have received for the Christmas Fund:

|  |           |
|--|-----------|
| Already acknowledged   | \$2166.58 |
| H. M. S., Bainbridge, N. Y.  | 5         |
| Chas. W. Sandford, Plainfield, N. J.   | 10        |
| H. Earle Kimball, Providence, R. I.  | 10        |
| Nancy and David Nussbaum, Forest Hills, N. Y.  | 10        |
| "Elizabeth," Rochester, N. Y.  | 2         |
| "Canadian Friend"  | 2         |
| Marion Holden Ashby, Asheville, N. C.  | 25        |
| A. C., New York City   | 25        |
| Mrs. G. P. Fairchild, Glen Cove, N. Y.   | 5         |
| Miss Kitty Porter, Boston, Mass.   | 10        |
| Mrs. Arthur Dayton, Philippi, W. Va.   | 5         |
| M. Joyce, Naval Station, Key West, Fla.  | 1         |
| John S. Leonard, Jamestown, N. Y.  | 1         |
| Mrs. Oliver Sheppard Picher, Hubbard Woods, Ill.   | 5         |
| Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Holden, Jr., Jeffersonville, Ind.   | 15        |
| Mrs. E. M. Graham, Salt Lake City, Utah  | 2         |
| Mrs. George B. Morley, Saginaw, Mich.  | 10        |
| "M. B. M.," Sharon, Pa.  | 10        |
| Norman Tucker, Oakland, Cal.   | 5         |
| Unitarian Sunday School of Bangor, Maine.  | 10        |
| W. D. Brickell, Columbus, Ohio.  | 10        |
| Mrs. J. T. Zisette, Paterson, N. J.  | 2         |
| M. L. S., Lynchburg, Va.   | 2         |
| "A Friend," Charlottesville, Va.   | 2         |
| L. M. Lambkin, Newton Center, Mass.  | 3         |
| William Vizard, Mobile, Ala.   | 3         |
| Edgar W. Harris, Rockwood, Ontario.  | 5         |
| Alice Bigler Provost, Pittsburgh, Pa.  | 5         |
| J. M. Hughes, J. G. Livar, Lar Nyhus, J. W. Baker, Mrs. J. M. Hughes, Helen Hughes and Hattie Hughes, Memphis, Tenn. | 7         |
| E. I. E., Cleveland, Ohio.   | 10        |
| "Memory of Nancy," Brookline, Mass.  | 10        |
| H. H., Honolulu, Hawaii  | 15        |
| Mrs. H. A. Sanford, Mocksville, N. C.  | 5         |
| Miss Katharine Brayton, Fall River, Mass.  | 2         |
| Julia Eaton, Olympia, Wash.  | 27        |
| "A Friend," Pueblo, Colo.  | 3         |
| The Misses F. E. and E. P. Howard, Etzatlan, Jalisco, Mexico   | 2         |
| Miss S. E. Witherell, Boston, Mass.  | 10        |
| P. J. O'Dea, San Francisco, Cal.   | 1         |
| James H. March, Greeley, Colo.   | 1         |
| Jack Chapin, Niagara Falls, N. Y.  | 1         |
| Mrs. H. C. Converse, Dedham, Mass.   | 2         |
| Louis H. Deschamps, Springfield, Mass.   | 5         |
| Eva Craig, St. Joseph, Mo.   | 5         |
| F. K. Washington, D. C.  | 5         |
| Mrs. Frank Case, New York City   | 10        |
| Harriet S. Sackrider, Frank S. Sackrider and Mary M. Sackrider, Jamestown, N. Y.                                     | 15        |
| Louise S. Chapin, Boston, Mass.  | 5.05      |
| William P. Ridley, Columbia, Tenn.   | 1         |
| Miss J. R. Foster, Cincinnati, Ohio.   | 5         |
| O. L. L. and V. L. L., New York City   | 15        |
| Miss Lucy W. Kurtz, Reading, Pa.   | 10        |
| I. R., Cincinnati, Ohio.   | 10        |
| Miss Elise T. Patterson, Chicago, Ill.   | 5         |
| Frances L. Gillis, Los Angeles, Cal.   | 5         |
| "A Friend," Greenfield, Mass.  | 1         |
| Mrs. W. S. Wood, Muskegon, Mich.   | 1         |
| I. L. S., Cumberland, Md.  | 1         |
| George Ayres Robinson, Jr., Washington, C. H., Ohio.   | 1         |
| Winifred L. Merriam, Springfield, Mass.  | 1         |
| Rose A. Palmer, Washington, D. C.  | 2         |

|   |    |
|---|----|
| Miss Clara Frances Brown, Marshall, Mo.                               | 1  |
| Mr. and Mrs. Eugene W. Lewis, Grosse Pointe, Mich.                    | 20 |
| Gordon Chase Streeter and Edward Clark Streeter, Jr., Boston, Mass.   | 2  |
| "J.," Chillicothe, Ohio   | 2  |
| "Anonymous," Washington, D. C.  | 1  |
| Eleanor Linn and Elizabeth Linn, Des Moines, Iowa.                    | 4  |
| H. D. Breene, Iowa City, Iowa.  | 2  |
| Mrs. F. W. Nichols, Houghton, Mich.                                   | 3  |
| Mrs. W. J. Bursaw, Beverly, Mass.                                     | 5  |
| Helen W. Bingham, Manchester, N. H.                                   | 10 |
| William R. Nash, Helen E. Nash and John F. Nash, Cleveland Hts., Ohio | 5  |
| Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Brownell, Peru, Ind.                               | 10 |
| Mary and Elizabeth Goodrich, Fort Worth, Texas.                       | 3  |
| C. S. Pastorius, Colorado Springs, Colo.                              | 5  |

\$2613.88

Our space is so taken up with acknowledgments that we can only say that we have received for the main fund \$154,395.95, and that, in all, we have remitted to Paris 837,044.95 francs. We gratefully acknowledge from

|   |       |
|---|-------|
| Marjorie and Paul Boochever, New York City, for Babies Nos. 2046 and 2047   | \$146 |
| Mrs. A. E. Wheeler, Great Falls, Mont., for Baby No. 2048.  | 73    |
| Miss A. L. O'Grady, Great Falls, Mont., for Baby No. 2049.  | 73    |
| Miss Jane Cowl, New York City, for Baby No. 2050.   | 73    |
| Mrs. Helen S. Forbes, Worcester, Mass., for Baby No. 2052.  | 73    |
| William, Caroline and Roger Dixon, Hanover, N. H., for Baby No. 2053.   | 73    |
| Theresa W. Gratwick, Buffalo, N. Y., for Baby No. 2054.   | 73    |
| Elizabeth B. Telfer, Syracuse, N. Y., for Babies Nos. 2055, 2056 and 2057   | 219   |
| Oakhurst Collegiate School, Cincinnati, Ohio, for Baby No. 2058   | 73    |
| Lincoln Chapter, Sons of the American Revolution, Lincoln, Neb., for Baby No. 2059.   | 73    |
| Eugenia McCalla, from the Chiopi Society of the National Park Seminary, Forest Glen, Md., for Baby No. 2060.  | 73    |
| Miss Katharine Brayton, Fall River, Mass., for Baby No. 2061  | 73    |
| Julia Eaton, Olympia, Wash., for Baby No. 2062.   | 73    |
| Alpha Epsilon Pi Sorority, National Park Seminary, Forest Glenn, Md., for Baby No. 2063.  | 73    |
| Dr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Ayer, Westboro, Mass., for Baby No. 2064   | 73    |
| Mrs. Benito Forbes Smith, Valparaiso, Chile, for Babies Nos. 2065 and 2066.   | 146   |
| Joan Skewes-Cox, Valparaiso, Chile, for Baby No. 2067.  | 73    |
| The Misses F. E. and E. P. Howard, Etzatlan, Jalisco, Mexico, for Baby No. 2069.  | 73    |
| Marion S. Comly and Marion, Eileen and Edson Harris, Jr., Philadelphia, Pa., for Baby No. 2072.   | 73    |
| F. W. Stevens, Jamestown, N. Y., for Baby No. 2073.   | 73    |
| Employees of the American Rolling Mill Company, Middletown, Ohio, who are members of Miami Valley Lodge, No. 20, of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers of North America, for Babies Nos. 2074 to 2086 | 949   |
| M. J. L. and L. A. C., Brooklyn, N. Y., for Babies Nos. 2087 and 2088   | 146   |
| Muriel, Edgar and Kathryn Ward, New York City, for Baby No. 2089  | 73    |
| Mary Taylor Snyder, San Francisco, Cal., for Baby No. 2090  | 73    |
| William P. Ridley, Columbia, Tenn., for Baby No. 2091.  | 73    |
| Miss J. R. Foster, Cincinnati, Ohio, for Baby No. 2092.   | 73    |
| Gordon Chase Streeter and Edward Clark Streeter, Jr., Boston, Mass., for Babies Nos. 2094 and 2095.   | 146   |
| "In memory of Kerie Carson," Aldan, Pa., for Baby No. 2096  | 73    |
| J. Edward Moore, Chicago, Ill., for Baby No. 2097.  | 73    |
| Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Brownell, Peru, Ind., for Babies Nos. 2099 and 2100  | 146   |
| Frederick Lynch, New York City, and Mrs. C. T. Mabbett, Edgerton, Wis., for Baby No. 2101.  | 73    |
| Sunday School of the Presbyterian Church, Bishop, Cal., on account of Baby No. 2051.  | 20    |
| Miss Lizette Ward, Grenada, Miss., on account of Baby No. 1871  | 3     |
| "A Friend," Pueblo, Colo., on account of Baby No. 2068.   | 10    |
| "In memory of Hazel Jane Rupert," Pelham, N. Y., on account of Baby No. 2093.   | 20    |

## BABY NUMBER 2045

|   |         |
|---|---------|
| Already acknowledged                      | \$10.86 |
| Mrs. John Briggs, Newton Center, Mass.    | 6       |
| Miss Florence Mortimer Tanner, Joppa, Md. | 5       |
| Dr. R. W. Conant, Chicago, Ill.           | 1       |
| Mrs. Arthur Dayton, Philippi, W. Va.      | 5       |
| Harriet V. Dougherty, Decatur, Ga.        | 10      |
| F. E. Field, Chicago, Ill.                | 5       |
| Alice Eleanor Eastlake, Philadelphia, Pa. | 1       |
| "Anonymous," Springfield, Mass.           | 5       |
| "Billy Jackson," Tulsa, Okla.             | 2       |

(Continued on page 35)



"OVER THE TOP"

### A Hopeless Case

**B**ARON MUNCHAUSEN, hunched over an asbestos newspaper in the reading-room of the Hades Public Library, was obviously distraught. He gnawed nervously at his finger-nails, and expelled the bits from his mouth with such frequency and violence that a continuous clicking sound was caused by their impact against the wall.

Napoleon Bonaparte and Julius Caesar, who were working together at the opposite end of the room, endured the irritating noise as long as possible. Eventually, however, Bonaparte rose from his seat and approached the offender.

"Look here, Baron," growled the Little Corporal savagely, "you're disturbing Julius and myself so that we can't work on our plans for a campaign to annex Germany to Hades. What's your trouble, anyway?"

"Napoleon," replied Munchausen, lifting a grief-stricken face to his questioner, "I am choked by the ashes of a dead past!"

Bonaparte looked puzzled. "I don't quite get you, Baron," said he. "It sounds poetic and melancholy; but it means nothing to me."

Munchausen's eyes grew moist. "If you must know," said he, "I am just awakening to a realization that I have

lost my reputation as the world's champion liar. My heart is broken."

Napoleon slapped the Baron on the back. "Cheer up, old dog," he urged. "You've got a fit of depression, and things look dark; but they aren't as bad as they seem. Why, Baron, you could lie circles around anyone at all!"

Munchausen shook his head sadly. "When I lied," said he, "I lied about matters that were strange and immaterial to my hearers. My trip to the moon, for example; and killing the flock of ducks with one bullet; and the frozen notes in the bugle: all of them were nothing but fiction—exaggerations—idiotic ravings. Any lunatic could tell that sort of lie."

Napoleon shrugged his shoulders. "I must confess, Baron," said he, "that I don't understand your viewpoint. Who is there that can out-lie you?"

The Baron smiled sadly. "The Germans, dear boy," said he. "They are the most vicious, pernicious, persistent, riotous, vehement, excessive super-liars in the world's history. My lies were harmless lies, told for my own amusement and the amusement of others. The Germans' lies are evil things, designed to wreck homes, ruin nations, destroy faith, make a mock of equity and justice, shatter democracy, over-

turn art and lay waste the principles of freedom and civilization."

"You're quite right," replied Napoleon thoughtfully, "but if you bent all your energies to it, couldn't you beat them at their own game?"

The Baron shrank back in horror. "Compete with the Germans?" he cried. "Never! Not while a spark of decency remains within my soul! That's why my sufferings are so great! I must see my reputation vanish like mist before the sun, and never a move can I make to retain it."

Bowing his head in his hands, the Baron wept bitterly; and his tears, dropping on the red-hot pavement of the reading-room, sizzled mournfully.

Realizing that the Baron's soul was indeed in torment, Napoleon beckoned Julius Caesar to his side, and together they led the stricken Munchausen to the Hades Grill for a vitriol cocktail with a dash of hemlock bitters.

### Moving!

"**M**ARIA, do you think we ought to feed every stranger who comes to the door?"

"No, Hiram, I don't. But that poor fellow had such a pathetic story to tell. He says he was formerly a New York theatrical manager."



NO SLACKING!

New Year: I WISH TO FILL OUT AN EXEMPTION BLANK.

Father Time: NOTHING DOING. YOU'VE GOT TO SERVE FOR ONE YEAR.





*First Surgeon:* HE'S OVER EIGHTY, ISN'T HE?

*Second Surgeon:* YES. TOO OLD TO BE OPERATED UPON.

"WELL, THERE'S NOTHING TO DO, I SUPPOSE, BUT GIVE HIM TIME AND LET HIM DIE A NATURAL DEATH."

### Jerusalem and the Turks

IN some particulars the Turks have been fairly polite in the seven centuries of their possession of Jerusalem. Their sanitation and most other details of government have been mighty bad, but they have not excluded either Christians or Jews from residence and church privileges in the Holy City.

Neither will Turks be excluded, now the British have got it. Civic exclusiveness is not the British habit. The English like privacy, and wall in their gardens, but that is personal. Politically

they are hospitable to all people and all religions.

Moreover, they like the Turks. In spite of the appalling Turkish habit of massacre, the English have an incorrigible liking for the Tarks. When on good behavior, Turks are likeable people, but out of date and very bad in government.

LIVES of ostriches remind us  
We may make our lives sublime.  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Headprints on the sands of time.

### Seventh Sons

SEVENTH sons are going quite strong. General Byng is the seventh son of an earl. He went strong in November in the direction of Cambrai. Colonel House is also a seventh son, and was also in France in November, and got his name in the papers.

"HAVE you read the distinguished professor's essay on when the war will end?"

"No; but in 1913 I read his essay proving that there never could be any more war."

### To All Mothers and Fathers

Felix Fivet, aged three weeks, was murdered by the Germans in Dinant, Belgium, "for firing on German troops."—(See Hugh Gibson's "Journal from Our Legation in Belgium," pages 328-329.)

**W**HENEVER I see my baby, asleep and safe in bed,  
Nestled against the pillow his fragrant little head,  
And smoothing down the blankets his mother sings and  
stoops,  
I think of Felix Fivet, who "fired on German troops."

When the last cathedral crumbles, when the cottages are  
dust,  
When Prussian high commanders are sated of their lust,  
When, in his grand compassion, the Hun withdraws his  
men—  
The bloodstained streets shall cry aloud when Belgium  
speaks again.

And every tortured hamlet and every vanished chime  
Shall testify, shall testify the horror of that time—  
The burly, booted cruelty, the anguish of the weak:  
Dear God! That shall be Pentecost when Belgian mothers  
speak.

So when I see you safe in bed, my blessed sleeping boy,  
And tightly clutched beside you some best beloved toy,  
And when your mother tucks you in, and by your crib she  
stoops,  
I think of little Felix, who "fired on German troops."

*Christopher Morley.*



*Magistrate.* WHEN YOU SAW THE DECEASED YOU NEITHER  
SLACKENED YOUR SPEED NOR ALTERED YOUR COURSE?

"NO, YOUR HONOR, BUT I BLEW MY HORN AND CURSED HIM."



*The Major:* IF A MAN WERE TO SLAP YOUR WIFE'S CHEEK  
WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

*The Pacifist:* I'D TURN HER OTHER CHEEK.

### Resentment

**I**T is New Year's Eve.

Moodily the woman gazes at her husband.

With a gloom which is suspiciously joyful he gazes into  
the fire.

For hours she has racked her brain trying to think of  
some reform he should accomplish in himself—some bad  
habit he should give up—some good resolution she can  
suggest.

But the state has gone dry, the price of food is so high  
that he has had to cut out cigars, cards, billiards, golf, the  
theatre and all other unnecessary things.

Silently she asks herself bitterly how this is going to be  
a Happy New Year for her.



WHEN BOTH HORSES AND GASOLINE ARE GONE



Uncle Sam: IT'S WONDERFUL HOW THAT NEW MAID CAN KEEP THE CHILDREN QUIET

### Concerning Professors

PROFESSORS, with their foolish  
brows,  
Pass and depart,  
Learned in every lore, besides  
The human heart.

Laughed at by ever-living youth  
Up discreet sleeves,  
Selling themselves to teach old lies  
No man believes.

Poor dust called men that need not die  
To be forgot,  
That, even living, were as though  
They still were not.

Fools, stuffed with wisdom as a goose  
Is stuffed with spices,  
Yet cautious hypocrites the while  
Of hidden vices.

How long shall Youth and Strength  
be slaves  
To men like you—  
Wild, wild-haired April in the land,  
All stars and dew?

*Richard Le Gallienne.*

### Didn't Know His Business

FIRST GERMAN SPY: Why did  
you blow up that small factory yes-  
terday?

SECOND GERMAN SPY: Every little  
helps.

"But why waste time like that when  
the biggest plants in the country are  
open to us?"



## The Clemency of President Romanoff

A movement is on foot to make Siberia a republic and run Nicholas Romanoff for President.

—News report.

NICHOLAS ROMANOFF, first President of Siberia, listened intently to the charges made by the attorney-general against Feodor Gravyoff and Ivan Cheezovitch. When the attorney-general had finished, President Romanoff's thin, sensitive face trembled like a rabbit's with suppressed emotion.

Stilling his excited features by seizing his silky mustache in a firm grasp, he rose to his feet and fixed the two culprits with a cold Romanoff stare. "Ivan Cheezovitch and Feodor Gravyoff," said he in tense, passionate tones, "you have been rightly accused of the unforgivable sin of making faces at a police officer! Have you anything to say for yourself before I sentence you?"

Realizing that their sin had found them out, the two prisoners remained silent.

"Very well, then," continued President Romanoff sadly, "I must inflict the maximum penalty which the law allows. I sentence both of you to six months exile in darkest Petrograd!"

At the severity of the sentence, a murmur of pity arose from the occupants of the audience chamber. The two prisoners, horrified at the President's words, threw themselves on their knees before their stern-faced judge.

"Mercy, Mr. President!" begged Feodor Gravyoff hoarsely. "Send us to the Salt Mines, send us to the Reindeer Pastures, send us to drive sledges in the awful cold of Verkhoyansk! We will have a chance in those places! But what chance have we in Petrograd, between the Bolsheviks and the Maximalists and all the other bloodthirsty wild men who are tearing the city to shreds between them? Spare us, Mr. President!"

President Romanoff sighed deeply. "Well," said he reluctantly, "since this is your first offense, and since I wish to establish a reputation for clemency, I will revoke the first sentence, and re-sentence you to five years hard labor at laying steel rails on the Trans-Siberian Railway in the Great Khingan Mountains. How does that suit you?"

"Thanks, thanks, Mr. President!" gasped the two criminals, throwing themselves on the floor and knocking their heads violently on the carpet in token of extreme gratitude.

Five minutes later the entire city was in an uproar over the President's leniency; and experienced political bosses were openly predicting that he would be the easiest mark that Siberia had ever known.

### The Spur

"WHAT do you want with me?" asked the pale little soloist as an officer from the draft board tapped him on the shoulder.

"We need you at the front. I have just been talking with a captain, and he says his regiment lacks a certain something to put them into a fighting mood."



PREPARED

New Year: NO, MR. WORLD, I'M NOT GOING TO BE FOOLED BY ANY OF THIS EARLY PEACE PROPAGANDA

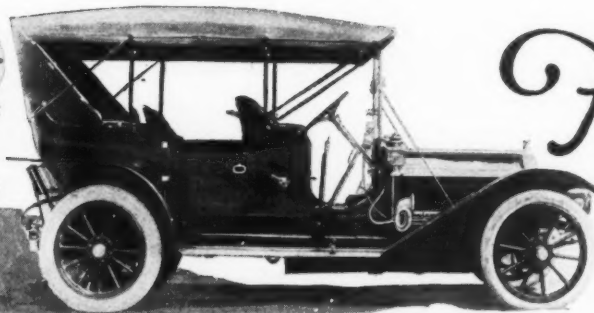


AFTER THE WAR

Pawnbroker: NEIN, I WILL NOT LENT NO MORE MONEY ON DOSE IRON CROSSES. MEIN SHOP ISS FULL OF DER TAM TINGS



1902 Pierce Arrow



1910 Pierce Arrow



1918 Pierce Arrow

Genuine  
**Pantasote**  
Top Material

was used on the first Pierce-Arrow cars. It has been standard equipment on Pierce-Arrow cars ever since.

Facts like this explain Pantasote prestige.

Throughout all these years Pantasote has rendered Pierce-Arrow owners dependable service and has fulfilled the rigid requirements demanded by the makers of this master car.

Pantasote was on the first Pierce-Arrow because it was the best Top Material. It is on the last Pierce-Arrow for the same reason.

What better proof of top material quality could be asked for?

Pantasote costs more than other top materials. The makers of cars listed here can truthfully say that they provide the most expensive of all top materials. They give the car owner the most costly and the best.



|              |          |
|--------------|----------|
| Pierce-Arrow | Chandler |
| Locomobile   | Premier  |
| Marmon       | Cadillac |
| White        | Reo-Six  |
| Mercer       | Columbia |
| Hudson       | Cole     |
| Chalmers     | Westcott |



Avoid misrepresentation, even though it be unintentional. Look for this label on tops represented as Pantasote.

**THE PANTASOTE COMPANY**  
1703 Bowling Green Building New York, N. Y.



## AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

### One of those Fixed Feasts

Will Hogg of Texas says that down in Houston one Monday morning a negro boy in his employ came to him with a request.

"Boss," said the darcy, "I'd lak to git off nex' Friday fur the day."

"What for?" inquired Hogg.

"Got to go to a fun'el."

"Whose funeral is it?"

"My uncle's."

"When did your uncle die?"

"Lawd, boss, he ain't daid yit!"

"Then how do you know his funeral is going to take place on Friday?"

"'Case dey's gwine hang him Thursday!"—*Saturday Evening Post*.

"See anything unusual on your trip?"

"Yes. At one of the places where I stopped I found a ticket agent who didn't seem annoyed when I asked for a ticket."

—*Detroit Free Press*.



### FOR SMALL MERCIES—

"GOOD EVENING, KITTY. I HEAR THAT YOUR LITTLE BROTHER IS IN BED WITH MEASLES."

### No Hurry

The telephone bell rang with anxious persistence. The doctor answered the call.

"Yes?" he said.

"Oh, doctor," said a worried voice, "something seems to have happened to my wife. Her mouth seems set and she can't say a word."

"Why, she may have lockjaw," said the medical man.

"Do you think so? Well, if you are up this way some time next week I wish you would step in and see what you can do for her."—*Harper's Magazine*.

### How He Knew

CASEY: It's the iligant time Oi had lasht Saturday. Divil a thing can I remember afther four o'clock.

O'BRIEN: Thin how d'ye know ye had a good toime?

CASEY: Sure, didn't Oi hear th' cop tellin' the joodge about it on Monday marning?—*Transcript*.

"I DON'T CARE NUFFIN 'BOUT evolution," said Uncle Eben. "What I's bothered 'bout is not how I got here, but where I's gwine."—*Washington Star*.

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. Title registered in U. S. Patent Office. \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year; to Canada, 52 cents. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents. Issues prior to 1910 out of print.

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LIFE is for sale by all newsdealers in Great Britain and may be obtained from sellers in all the principal cities in the world. The foreign trade supplied by LIFE's London Office, Rolls House, Breams Buildings, London, E. C.

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GOOD CIGARS  
GOOD STORIES

AND

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OF COURSE

KING OF TABLE WATERS

Clicquot  
Pronounced Klee-ko  
Club  
GINGER ALE



Good grocers and druggists sell it by the case.

The Clicquot Club Company  
Millis, Mass., U. S. A.



THE  
SKIRT  
SHIRT

S. M. J.  
Frank O.  
A. M. W.  
Gladys M.

"Guam"  
Mr. and  
Texas  
Fred D.  
Mrs. B.

Mrs. O.  
Margare  
Hamp  
Frank C.  
Edwin a  
ing, N.

A. M.  
Miss Sa  
The Ele  
Harry A  
Miss J.  
N. J.

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## WAR ECONOMY

THE TWINS HAVE EACH A BLOUSE AND SKIRT MADE OUT OF DAD'S OLD PANTS AND SHIRT!

## French Babies

(Continued from page 27)

|                                    |      |
|------------------------------------|------|
| S. M. Jacobus, Pomona, Cal.....    | \$5  |
| Frank Oltoft, Marlin, Texas.....   | 3.50 |
| A. M. W., Worcester, Mass.....     | 3.64 |
| Gladys M. Crockett, Troy, N. Y.... | 1    |
|                                    | \$73 |

## BABY NUMBER 2070

|  |      |
|--|------|
| "Guam" .....                                   | \$20 |
| Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Griggs, Orange, Texas ..... | 50   |
| Fred D. Hills, East Cleveland, Ohio..          | 1    |
| Mrs. B. R. Williams, Pontiac, Ill....          | 2    |
|  | \$73 |

## BABY NUMBER 2071

|   |         |
|---|---------|
| Mrs. O. P. Eldred, Princeton, Ky...                                 | \$36.50 |
| Margaret, Frances C. and Edward H. Hamp, Colorado Springs, Colo.... | 30      |
| Frank Oltoft, Marlin, Texas.....                                    | 1.50    |
| Edwin and Nancy Woodward, Flushing, N. Y.....                       | 5       |
|   | \$73    |

## BABY NUMBER 2102

|   |         |
|---|---------|
| A. M. W., Worcester, Mass.....            | \$11.36 |
| Miss Sarah A. Crosby, Momenca, Ill.       | 5       |
| The Elementary School, Mecca, Cal.        | 13.55   |
| Harry A. Earnshaw, Duluth, Minn...        | 2.50    |
| Miss May Shepperson, Lakewood, N. J. .... | 20      |
|   | \$52.41 |

## BABY NUMBER 2008

|  |         |
|--|---------|
| Naomi, John and Jane Sloan, Chicago, Ill. .... | \$36.50 |
| Mrs. Daniel P. Cole, Springfield, Mass. ....   | 36.50   |
|  | \$73    |

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QUALITY VARIETY VALUE

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NEW YORK

In this list are printed first the numbers and names of the babies. These are followed by the names of the contributors to whom they are assigned.

|       |   |
|-------|---|
| 1805. | André Babule. Miss Elsa Whipple.              |
| 1813. | Abraham Allouche. "A Mother."                 |
| 1871. | René Béquin. Miss Lizette Ward.               |
| 1905. | Madeleine Bertault. Frederick Knif-fen.       |
| 1811. | Edith Bizeau. Miss Caroline Steph-enson.      |
| 1825. | Jean Blin. Chief Justice Cushing              |
|       | Chapter D. A. R., Brookline, Mass.            |
| 1828. | Gustave Boquet. Mrs. Blanche Irbé             |
|       | Bremner.                                      |
| 1806. | Raymond Breyse. H. W. S.                      |
| 1804. | Léon Brischout. Miss Elsa A. Ol-cese.         |
| 1833. | Roger Brunet. The French Orphans              |
|       | Society of Liberty, Mo.                       |
| 1808. | Louis Busière. Miss Helen Bu-CHANAN Holmes.   |
| 1816. | Yvonne Caria. The girls of the Lux            |
|       | School of Industrial Training, San Francisco. |
| 1870. | Jean Carine. W. J. Andrus.                    |
| 1820. | Marie Cathalot. H. and J., Troy,              |
|       | New York.                                     |
| 1881. | Jacques Charlet. The Foraker Bridge           |
|       | Club, New York City.                          |
| 1826. | Lucienne Charlois. Chief Justice              |
|       | Cushing Chapter D. A. R., Brookline, Mass.    |
| 1880. | Eugene Chartier. John M. Gracie.              |
| 1873. | Marie Choix. Lila C. Hedges and               |
|       | Margaret C. Underwood.                        |

## A Word for the Horse

That bundle of sentient nerves, with the heart of a woman, the eyes of a gazelle, the courage of a gladiator, the docility of a slave, the proud courage of a king and the blind obedience of a good soldier. The companion of the desert and the plain; that turns the moist furrow in the spring in order that all the world may have abundant har-vests; that, with blazing eye and dis-tended nostrils, fearlessly leads our great-est generals through carnage and the smoke of battle to glory and renown; whose blood forms one of the ingredients that goes to make the ink with which all history is written, and that finally, mutely, and in black trappings pulls the humblest of us all to the newly sodded threshold of eternity.—Dr. Kane.

MADE in Germany—Die stuff.

**BELL-ANS**  
Absolutely Removes  
Indigestion. One package  
moves it. 25c at all druggists.

**LEPAGE'S**  
GLUE HANDY  
TUBES  
A HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY

FOR MEN OF BRAINS  
**Cortez CIGARS**  
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

## OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



### Playing Safe

A lady recently selecting a hat at a milliner's asked, cautiously:

"Is there anything about these feathers that might bring me into trouble with the Bird Protection Society?"

"Oh, no, madam," said the milliner.

"But did they not belong to some bird?" persisted the lady.

"Well, madam," returned the milliner, pleasantly, "these feathers are the feathers of a howl; and the howl, you know, madam, seein' as 'ow fond he is of mice, is more of a cat than a bird."

—New York Globe.

"THE MANOR" Asheville, North Carolina  
IN AMERICA—AN ENGLISH INN—Perfect GOLF

### We All Must Advertise

Irving Fletcher said at the Sphinx club, apropos of the failure of one of those expensive, exclusive sort of tailors who do not even display their wares in their windows:

"The trend of modern business proves that if a man won't advertise his goods, the sheriff will step in and do it for him."

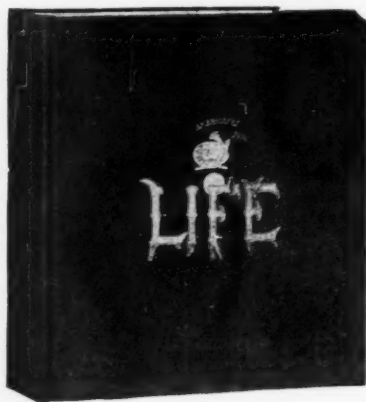
—Detroit Free Press.

## A New Idea in Binders

Until now LIFE has never been able to supply its readers with an entirely satisfactory binder for the convenient and safe preservation of the copies of the journal.

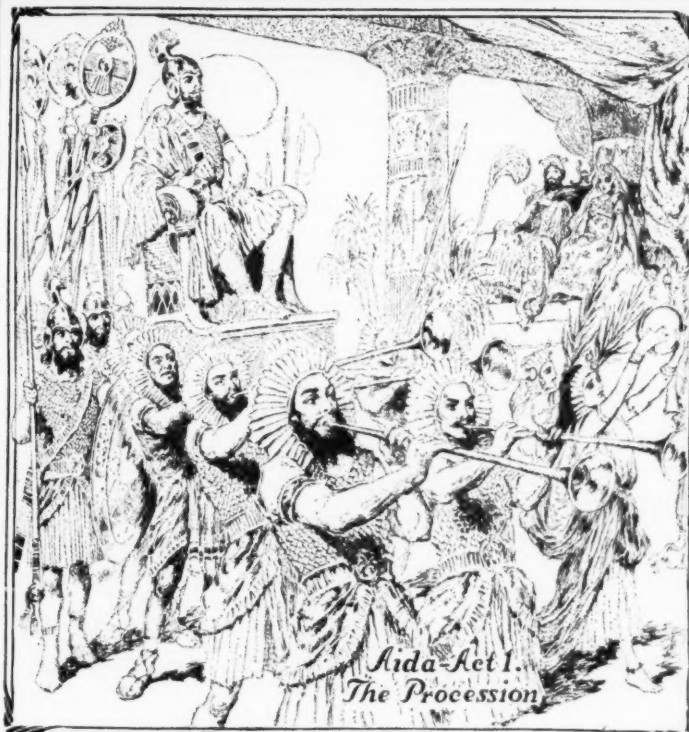
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It is handsomely made, the outside being black Art Buckram with cover design in gilt, and is made to hold a full year's copies of LIFE.



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## EGYPTIAN DEITIES

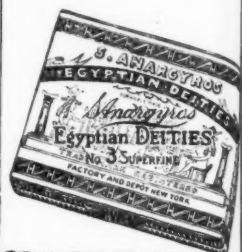
The Ultimate in Cigarettes  
Plain End or Cork Tip

People of culture, refinement  
and education invariably  
PREFER Deities to  
any other cigarette.

25¢

Amargyros

Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish  
and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World



### Another Atrocity

Little Ruth, who had been reading about the German atrocities in Belgium, went with her mother to the Museum of Arts.

"Oh, mother," she cried, standing in front of Venus de Milo, "look what the Germans did to this poor Belgian woman."—Orange Peel.

### Looks That Way

"Those South American revolutions—"

"Yes?"

"We used to attribute them to the climate."

"After considering things in Russia we'll have to find some other cause."

—Kansas City Journal.

"This is a special flour for making flannel cakes."

The young housewife was trying to appear wise.

"Does it make good cakes?" she asked.

"Excellent flannel cakes, mum."

"Ah, um. Will they shrink?"

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"I see you have a new cook."

"You say sooth."

"Is she experienced?"

"I surmise so. She started the first day by coming late, and then asking for the afternoon off."

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

THE highest province of art is to decorate us, which is the fundamental reason for the generous sprinkling of artistic illustrations through the useful pages of LIFE.



### "A TRAMP STEAMER"

"That returned soldier certainly can't go back to his trade as bookkeeper."

"Why? His writing hand gone?"

"No, but his pen ear is."

—Buffalo Express.

### EDWARDS STEEL LOCKERS

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1918

1 thing we hope in you to find,

A year be 9, devoid of hate;

May victories of a 1 drous kind

Make all our foes capitul 8.

### 100 Per Cent. Efficient

THE dean of the Modern Training School for Ministers was addressing a group of his most advanced students.

"To-day," he said impressively, "we have a call from the churches of a neighboring city for one of you to come who is able to lead them in a great evangelistic meeting. Who among you is competent to go?"

A meek-looking young man arose. He was wearing a black suit and a black bow tie.

"Doctor," he said, "I should like to carry to them the Message of the Cross. I would preach nothing except that is taught in the Book, and would strive to impress upon them the great need of more piety and prayer."

The dean seemed persuaded that this was the young man to send. But he looked about him before saying the word.

Another young man had stood up. He was wearing a checked suit and a spotted tie, and his hair was brushed back smooth over his head.

"Doctor," he said, "send me. My evangelistic program is different, but it always brings the sinful up to the altar in great groves. The first three nights the revival is in progress I make casual mention of the Book of Books, but after that I settle down to business, and begin to dish up the two hundred and eighty-one phrases I have just memorized of pulpit slang. Also, I have just completed physical training which enables me to stand fourteen minutes on one foot while I make gestures with the other, and I have mastered other acrobatic tricks that will entertain a crowd. Furthermore, I carry on the end of my tongue ninety-seven red-hot epithets to hurl at the idle rich, which I—"

But the dean arose to interrupt him. A pleasing smile shone over his face as he spread out his hand for silence.

"Young man," he began, "we are most fortunate in having with us one who has at last discovered the true source of power in evangelism in this fleeting age. Yes, it is you who must carry the Message to these soul-hungry people."

E. E. E.

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## "Cape"

—a name derived from the Cape of Good Hope—designates a glove-skin used whole and dressed right-side-out, or "glace". If it's a Fownes Cape it designates the genuine Cape skin from Africa, making the smartest, strongest, best fitting gloves procurable. Washable, too.

"Standard equipment" for officers and civilians:—

it's a  
**FOWNES**

that's all you need  
to know about a GLOVE.

### Red Cross

To the Editor of LIFE:

Enclosed find copy of letter I have written to the local representative of the Red Cross here.

I hope you may be able to do something to stop the Red Cross from spending the money which was contributed on the belief that it was given to prevent suffering rather than the creating of suffering by vivisection.

Yours truly,

WM. H. ALLEY.

SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA.

November 24th, 1917.

MR. J. M. WARREN,

Dear Sir: I am greatly grieved to find that I contributed to the Red Cross under a misapprehension as to its aims.

I learn on good authority that the Red Cross has established a laboratory for vivisection.

Admitting that vivisection may be of benefit to mankind (which is denied by a great many of the best physicians), no right-minded man or woman can have anything but loathing and contempt for the small soul who would be willing to pay for the relief of his own welfare at the expense of the unspeakable suffering and agony of another fellow creature.

Yours truly,

WM. H. ALLEY.

"AND now, O Wisest of Kings," said the Queen of Sheba, as her slaves had finished laying her wondrous gifts at Solomon's feet, "the greatest gift of all! From this gold-lettered scroll you will perceive that I have subscribed to LIFE for each of your seven hundred wives, so that once a week we shall be freed from their observation."

"Fair cousin of Sheba," replied Solomon, "you are certainly one great old girl."

### One Detail Easier

IN one detail life is easier. People don't have to see one another off to Europe. That's quite a help.

When you hear that your next to most intimate friend is going abroad, you don't ask when or how, nor send anything aboard for him. You just sit tight and let him go, and make enquiries afterwards, if you find anyone who knows.

It simplifies life quite a bit.

The war will teach us a lot of similar economies if it keeps on.



## When Jack LONDON Came to Our Home

NANCE and I were tired of ordinary fiction. The war had awakened us to realities. No namby-pamby fiction could satisfy us. We wanted life.

I read the Metropolitan's announcement that they would give *The Greatest Works of Jack London* free to the man or woman who sent in their subscriptions under certain easy conditions.

It seemed worth taking a chance so I cut out the coupon and mailed it. The books came promptly. Nance wanted a good love story to read that evening, so she took "Martin Eden." I wanted a real man story, so I took "The Sea-Wolf."

We both got overflowing measure. It was just as if Jack London was sitting before us, telling us of his adventures on the long trail.

My book was full of the buccaner spirit; the salt air of the sea blew through it; I saw Wolf Larsen shoot four of his crew; lure husbands and wives aboard his ship and then maroon the men while he sailed off with

the women. I saw a beautiful girl rescued from the Sea-Wolf's clutches by the young American who through long months of contact with the brute had become his match.

Nance had the same experience. The story of the uncouth young man with the spark of genius in his breast, who by sheer force of will achieved literary success and won the love of a spoiled darling of society, had Nance fascinated. When we closed the books it was midnight.

The next evening we read "Love of Life" and "The Call of the Wild" and these were just as gripping. Jack London's dauntless spirit was with us as we read—for he had put his life—his roving, adventurous, devil-may-care spirit into these books.

Nance says—and I second it—that of all the bargains I have secured, never got one that was less a drain on my purse or that brought such returns. We swear by Jack London, and by the Metropolitan that brought him to our home.

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